

Pretty Good by kittenCorrosion

Series: [Mileven Week 2016 \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, el is so precious just a small cupcake, i loved that part so much, makeover scene!, so i wrote what i think/wish would have happened

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

“There is no way we’re gonna get the weirdo in there without anyone noticing,” Lucas scoffed, "I mean... look at her.”

It's makeover time.

Mileven Week Day 1 (Nov 28th)

"Favorite Scene"

Pretty Good

Author's Note:

el's gonna learn some new words and mike is gonna blush a lot because what else would i make him do.

“There is no way we’re gonna get the weirdo in there without anyone noticing,” Lucas scoffed, “I mean... look at her.”

El wasn’t sure what they were talking about, but somehow that conversation ended with the boys splitting up, Lucas and Dustin staying in the basement to scour for clothing, and Mike leading her upstairs to Nancy’s room. He sat her on the window seat and she watched curiously as he picked a small box up off of Nancy’s vanity.

“This is my sister's makeup, but I’m pretty sure she won’t mind if we use little,” he told El as he walked back over to the window seat, sitting across from her with an intense expression.

She looked down at the box as he rummaged through it, still confused.

“Make... up?” Her brows furrowed.

Mike sighed dramatically.

“Yeah, it’s this stuff girls put on their face to make themselves look prettier,” he told her, picking up a square of pressed pink powder and a brush, “my mom wears it all the time, but Nancy only does sometimes. I don’t really get it.”

He dabbed the brush into the pink stuff and unceremoniously reached out to stroke it across her cheek. She pulled her head away, her face horrified. Mike smirked at her reaction and brushed her cheek a few mores as she weakly tried to dodge, eyes wide.

“It’s okay, El. It’ll come off,” he reassured her, repeating the

procedure on her other cheek. She unwillingly relaxed and looked into his eyes, watching him focus on trying to blend the damn stuff without making her look like a creepy doll. He frowned and tilted his head to side, dissatisfied with the amount he'd put on her. Reaching out his hand, he smoothed it across her right cheek, then the left, trying to remove the excess. She didn't flinch this time, and he met her gaze, his fingers still resting gently on her skin.

For a brief moment he was mesmerized, noticing for the first time the lighter tones of amber and green that dappled her brown eyes. His breath caught, and she creased her eyebrows, slightly concerned.

"Mike...?" She breathed, her question filling his name like warm whisper. He snapped out of it, drawing his hand back quickly, his face flushing a dull pink.

"Y-yeah?" He asked, looking down and clumsily putting the blush and brush away. He rummaged around the box, looking for the pink lip stuff he saw Nancy wear sometimes. El hesitated as they broke eye contact, suddenly unsure, but asked anyways.

"Will... 'make up' make me.... pretty?"

The question hung in the air as he found the tube and he looked back up at her, unsure of what to say. He wanted to tell her about her eyes, the way they danced in the light when she smiled, but his stomach heaved and he looked down again, embarrassed.

"Uh, yeah. Sure." He fumbled, both with his words and the chapstick, almost dropping it on the floor. Picking it up, he uncapped it and showed it to her. "Nancy says this stuff makes boys want to kiss her," he snorted cynically, trying to dodge El's question, "but I don't think this would make me want to kiss anybody."

He reached out and gently applied some to her lips, trying not to get it all over her face. After he'd smeared a decent portion on, he dabbed some off and then, satisfied, leaned back to admire his handiwork. She really did have nice lips, and pink brought out the hazel tone of her eyes. Mike grinned at her, happy with what he'd done, but noticed she looked confused again.

“Are you okay? Is this stuff like, itchy or something?”

She shook her head slowly, absentmindedly rubbing her lips together.

“No....” she looked right into his eyes, “but what is ‘kiss’?”

Her puzzled expression only made her look more adorable and Mike felt himself flush again. Avoiding looking at her eyes, and especially her lips, he stuttered.

“U-uh, um, well, uh... it’s when you touch lips with someone that you really, really like,” he managed to stammer out. When she still looked confused he cleared his throat and continued, “like sometimes my dad brings my mom flowers and she kisses him. Or one time we saw Jennifer Hayes kiss Drew Turner behind the school at recess, which we knew was going to happen because he’s liked her since second grade and everybody knew...”

He rambled on a bit longer, but the confusion cleared from her eyes and she nodded, reaching out to grab his wrist and silence him.

“Okay, Mike.” She nodded.

“O-okay.” He replied, leaning in slightly.

The room suddenly got warmer as they looked at each other. He glanced at her lips and licked his own nervously, aware of a sudden desire to show her exactly what he was talking about—

“Mike! We I found this dress and Dustin found this wig thing...”

Lucas and Dustin busted through the door, carrying their finds. El jumped back abruptly, startled, and Mike almost fell off the seat. Flustered he stood up and threw the chapstick back into the box.

“Let me see what you found,” he said as casually as possible. They started bickering about something so El stood, picking up the box and returning it to its place on the vanity. Catching her reflection in the mirror, she blinked, then smiled softly and reached up to touch her rosy cheeks and pink lips.

“Here, El, you put these on. We’ll be outside when you’re done.” They

had come to an agreement and Mike laid a soft pink dress and blonde wig down on the bed. She reached out and gently rubbed the dress between her fingers, amazed that she would get to wear something so pretty.

“Yes,” she said softly, still mesmerized. The boys took that as a sign of agreement and left, leaving the door open it's usual crack.

Sliding into the dress and pulling on the wig, she adjusted everything until it felt right, spinning a twirl and smiling softly to herself. Catching a glimpse in the mirror she almost gasped, not recognizing herself. Looks hadn't ever been something that she thought about, only occasionally seeing her reflection in metal doors or the glass of the Bath, never particularly pleased with what she saw. But this...

She was suddenly nervous. What if she actually looked worse? Her features were softer, but she still didn't look anything like the framed picture of Mike's sister. *Pretty*, she had said, her voice full of longing. But Mike hadn't seemed very impressed, so maybe there were different kinds of pretty? At the very least she knew Papa wouldn't recognize her right away and that made her feel better.

Turning on her heel she walked towards the door, nervous but eager, and headed out to face the boys.

Author's Note:

fun fact! this was the first fic i wrote, but it was pretty iffy at first so i've waited a while to post it. i think i'm screwing waiting and i'm just gonna start posting all the fics i have every couple of days. i have like six more. nanowrimo anyone?